Come, We That Love the Lord

1. Come, we that love the Lord, And let our joys be known;
2. Let those refuse to sing Who never knew our God;
3. The hill of Zion yields A thousand sacred sweets,
4. Then let our songs abound, And every tear be dry;

Join in a song with sweet accord, And
But children of the heavenly King May
Before we reach the heavenly fields, Or
We're marching thro' Immanuel's ground, To

thus surround the throne.
speak their joys abroad.
walk the golden streets.
fairer worlds on high.

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